

# The Mirror

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## GROUPS FROM WILKIE'S "VILLAGE FESTIVAL."—No. II.

Does any one doubt that the best treasure a man can meet with is a good wife? let him read conviction in the central group of this homely picture of Wilkie's. But for that guardian angel, the chief figure of the present group, what a night of trouble would our jocund friend in the smock-frock be made to pass through by those riotous, rollicking, roaring, bachelor companions about him. They have already tempted him to a glass too much for most occasions. It would go hard with him at this moment if he had to sell Dobbin, or that score of double Glosters prepared for next market. He would lose a sovereign or two in his bargain through that glass too much.—That dear wife of his, how anxious she looks, for fear she may have come too late to save the victim from those rude fellows, with her watchful kindness, and lead him home in good humour! She has hit it! How smilingly he yields,—a compound smile at his own salvation, at his own yieldingness, at his wife's thoughtfulness. No habitual tippler is he, yet on these merry-makings his joviality and relish for fun and good jokes (he would not be worth leading home if he had none) would absolutely overcome his weakness, if the strength and resolution of his better half did not support him. We have said he is no habitual tippler; and is not the man and his whole attire evidence of the fact? His own dress, his wife's, and that nice young lassie of his, who comes to help mother in her kind officiousness, and whispers now and then, "Pray let's go home, father!" prove that our friend spends his evenings at home; and that that leathern pouch of his, kept in a secret corner of his grandfather's oaken writing-table, becomes heavier every quarter. What a sweet expression of half fear, half reproof, Wilkie has put into the face of the woman. Natural enough that she should not quite like the office she is about. Like a real good creature, she is half ashamed of her own superiority at this instant; and besides, it is not a good sight for the young daughter to see her father smiling somewhat without his own control.

How vividly the rest of the group expresses its meaning. The most forward fellow using good-natured violence to prevent his friend's departure. "You shan't go, if I can hold you," we hear him saying.

Luckily, he cannot hold, and the good wife will get her spouse home, even without a rent in his smock-frock. His gaoler will have enough to do to keep himself on his legs presently. The two fellows behind him—the mortal clay of both is clearly "of the earth earthy," though pretty well soaked with Boniface's strong liquor—mutually express, in different ways, their astonishment that a man should thus be snatched "*vi et armis*" by a woman (the she dragon!) from his best and dearest friends. He with the pack at his back is actually petrified with mute astonishment at the wonderful scene. The other, who is the wag of the party, is firing off whole batteries of his most cutting railery at the poor miserable soul thus bowed down under petticoat government. "Do not halloo, my friend, before you are out of the wood. Though you have no wife yet, some one will be here presently, (I shan't say whether it's Patty or Kate,) before whom you will be quite as submissive as your friend in the smock-frock."

Whilst in the principal group Wilkie has given us a scene after marriage, in the back ground we have a scene before marriage. The demure looks of the waiting-girl reveal that he with outstretched arms is boisterously sentimental. How modest she looks,—the slut knows her beauty, and too well her own worth, to encourage a lover fired somewhat by liquor. She will remind him of his promise, no doubt, when he is a little more cool, and make him perform it before long. Another lover, not a little jealous of what is going on below, is hanging out of the window to remonstrate. The girl evidently prefers him at the table.

What an animated, happy scene it is; so full of truth, and yet so refined; calling up associations of merry-making, purified of all grossness. Where is there such another picture of country life, which excites equal sympathy?

In considering the next group we shall have a few words to say on the merits of the whole of this delightful picture as a work of art.

## DINNER TABLE STORYTELLERS.

How few of your would-be storytellers at the dinner table do we find who can really tell a story well. Storytellers are divided into

several classes, and as a proof of this we seldom or ever hear two persons tell the same *jeu d'esprit* alike. Let us take a few as examples.

Mr. Smith is so scrupulously exact about names and dates, that his auditors are absolutely sick of his story and himself before he has got half through it.

"I say, Brown, I'll tell your such a capital story. Tom Jenkins, you know, the other day, whilst we were mounting the Dover stage, met—you know Tom Jenkins, I think; yes, I introduced him to you; you met him at my house last week. Well, we were going together to Dover last Wednesday—I think it was last Wednesday week—eh? no! now I recollect, it was Thursday—yes, Thursday week;—well, just as he was on the top, who should he see but his friend Martin on the other side of the street—'Martin,' said he—no, stay; in the coach office, I think—yes, he *was* in the coach office, because I recollect that—but never mind. You know Martin, I suppose—oh, yes; you met him at Jenkins's—well, Tom, you know, wanted to play him a trick—you know Tom well enough when he is ripe for a lark—witness his tricks when we were all quartered at Gibraltar in seventeen hundred and—bless my soul—was it as long ago as that—1782!—forty years ago!—dear, dear! how the time *does* pass!"

And then Mr. Smith apostrophises upon the time which has elapsed since his youthful days, until his audience begins to wish that he had been comfortably laid under the sod during his residence in Gibraltar, or had been drowned in coming across the straits.

Mr. Tomlins is a gentleman who laughs so immoderately during the whole recital of his story that his words are perfectly inarticulate.

"Ha, ha, ha! I heard such a capital story the other day—he, he! I can't help laughing when I think of it. Fred Jones was going along Bond-street—he, he, he!—ha, ha, ha! just as he got to—he, he, he!—to—ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!—I can't tell it!—Just as he got to Brooke's, Miss Marsden—ha, ha, ha! it's capital, upon my word—Miss Marsden came—he, he, he!—came—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho, ho!"

And Mr. Tomlins sinks back in his chair in a positive state of exhaustion, leaving his audience to imagine the rest, and to take his word for it that it is capital if they could hear it.

Mr. Freeman is a gentleman who is so thoroughly convinced that nobody will believe him, that he takes the greatest pains to impress upon his auditors the truth of his story at about every third word.

"Now, what I am going to relate to you, gentlemen, is a positive fact. You'll scarcely believe it, I know; but I was myself pre-

sent, and will vouch for the truth of every word. It occurred when I was in Paris last summer. A young English officer had quarrelled with a Frenchman about some lady. I'm sure it is true, gentlemen, for I knew both the parties intimately. The Frenchman challenged the officer—it's quite a romance of real life, I assure you, and would make an excellent nucleus for a drama, more especially as it may be relied on as having *really* occurred. The officer accepted the challenge, and the night before the duel, as he was quietly reposing upon a sofa—now, gentlemen, this is no traveller's tale, nor am I exaggerating one iota from the real fact. The night before the duel, as he was sleeping, or attempting to sleep—I pledge you my honour I am speaking the truth, for I had it from his own lips. It caused a great sensation in Paris at the time, and I really think to this day scarcely a person believes it."

And so Mr. Freeman goes on, alternately proceeding with his story, and vouching for the truth of it, until his audience break off one by one and join the ladies in the drawing-room, leaving the gentleman to continue his story to the empty decanters and dessert service.

Messrs. Stevenson and Fogg are two gentlemen (intimate friends) who invariably commence the same story at the same moment, and, each supposing that he is most familiar with it, they aim at the company with detached sentences of it until not an individual present can make either head or tail of the matter.

"Oh, I say, Clark, did I ever tell you the story of the tinker and the countryman?—no, I don't think I did. Oh, it's capital.—A travelling tinker was going along the high road to Barnet with his barrow, when—

"No, no," cries Mr. Fogg, from the other end of the table; "he *hadn't* his barrow, that's the fun of it. He was going along, gentlemen, *without* his barrow, when a country-looking fellow came up to him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roars Mr. Stevenson. "It is capital, upon my word. But you don't tell it right, Fogg; the countryman was sowing barley in the field. 'Hallo!' says the tinker. Now go on, Fogg."

"No, no," says Mr. Fogg; "you'd better tell it. You know it best."

"I," says Mr. Stevenson. "Well, if you wish it, I'll go on. 'Hallo!' says the tinker. 'Hallo, there!' says the countryman."

"'Hallo!'" interrupts Mr. Fogg; "'come and help me.'"

"'Give me a bed for the night,'" continues Mr. Stevenson.

"'Help me to grind my knives.'"  
"Grind my barley, and sow my knives," roars Mr. Stevenson, absolutely bewildered with the hubbub, in which the company have now joined, hoping to restore peace,

and get the story from one or the other; but vain, alas! the hope. After a little longer display of the interesting game of battledore and shuttlecock, the company give it up in despair, and find that they know just as much of the story of the "tinker and the countryman" as they did when they sat down to table.

And so it is at all dinner-tables. From some defect in the storyteller we seldom hear a story produce its intended effect; and until it is possible to meet with a pupil of the late Mr. C. Mathews, I fear we shall still be in the same predicament.

C. R. C.

### THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.

FAR from his home beyond the wave,  
The stranger sicken'd, and he died;  
No tears were shed around his grave,  
And there no friend with sorrow sigh'd.

They plac'd him in the lowly tomb;  
They laid the mould upon his breast;  
But never thought an hour would come  
To wring an absent parent's breast.

Though now the mournful task is done,  
And o'er his bed the night winds sigh;  
Afar, a mother hails her son,  
With life's bright sparkle in his eye!

She thinks, and Hope believes the tale,  
(For who could say it was untrue?)  
When some auspicious fav'ring gale,  
Would waft him from his long adieu.

Oh! could that sun which saw his shroud  
Afar, the mournful tale declare,  
Then Hope would sink behind a cloud,  
A dreary cloud of dark Despair.

They've laid him in the lonely grave,  
Unnoticed there he softly sleeps;  
Nor will he hear from o'er the wave,  
That sorrow—while a mother weeps.

But why, oh, why should sorrow's tear  
E'er wring a weeping mother's breast?  
For he who died a stranger here,  
Is happy,—and for aye at rest.

And though no parent saw him die,  
Nor friendly hand his eyelids closed;  
One friend beheld him from the sky,  
And on his bosom he reposed.

It matters not, what distant clime  
Receives the body's mouldering clay;  
For it shall rise when Death and Time,  
No more shall triumph o'er decay.

ALPHA.

### THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall see in them this tendency to universality and diffusion. Look, first, at science and literature. Where is science now? Locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which, to the multitude, is a foreign tongue? No; science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of volarjes, and, with familiar tone,

begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard not long ago in the university or some narrow school, now speak in the mechanic institute. The doctrine, that the labourer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account—that, instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil, is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. A lady gives us conversations on chemistry, revealing to the minds of our youth vast laws of the universe, which, fifty years ago, had not dawned on the greatest minds. The school-books of our children contain grand views of the creation. There are parts of our country in which lyceums spring up in almost every village, for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science. The characteristic of our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much as its extension to all men.

The same characteristic will appear, if we inquire into the use now made of science. Is it simply a matter of speculation? a topic of discourse? an employment of the intellect? In this case, the multitude, with all their means of instruction, would find in it only a hurried gratification. But one of the distinctions of our time is, that science has passed from speculation into life. Indeed, it is not pursued enough for its intellectual and contemplative uses. It is sought as a mighty power, by which nature is not only to be opened to thought, but to be subjected to our needs. It is conferring on us that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was prophesied in the first command given to man by his Maker; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt a few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. Science has become an inexhaustible mechanician; and by her forges, and mills, and steam cars, and printers' presses, is bestowing on millions, not only comforts, but luxuries, which were once the distinction of a few.

Another illustration of the tendency of science to expansion and universality may be found in its aims and objects. Science has burst all bounds, and is aiming to comprehend the universe, and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest periods of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our globe experienced for hundreds of centuries, to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible nature,

it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imponderable matter. Difficulties only provoke it to new efforts. It would lay open the secrets of the polar ocean, and of untrodden barbarous lands. Above all, it investigates the laws of social progress, of arts, and institutions of government, and political economy, proposing as its great end the alleviation of all human burthens, the weal of all the members of the human race; in truth, nothing is more characteristic of our age than the vast range of inquiry which is opening more and more to the multitude of men. Thought frees the old bounds to which men used to confine themselves; it holds nothing too sacred for investigation; it calls the past to account, and treats hoary opinions as if they were of yesterday's growth; no reverence drives it back; no great name terrifies it; the foundations of what seems most settled must be explored. Undoubtedly, this is a perilous tendency; men forget the limits of their powers; they question the infinite, the unsearchable, with an audacious self-reliance; they shock pious and revering minds, and rush into an extravagance of doubt, more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness we see what I am stating, the tendency to expansion in the movements of thought.

I have hitherto spoken of science; and what is true of science is still more true of literature; books are now placed within reach of all; works, once too costly except for the opulent, are now to be found on the labourer's shelf; genius sends its light into cottages; the great names of literature are become household words among the crowd; every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament, and too justly, the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. In our present stage of improvement, books of little worth, deficient in taste and judgment, and ministering to men's prejudices and passions, will almost certainly be circulated too freely. Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power; mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that silently books of a higher order are taking place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good as well as evil. Men grow tired at length even of amusements.

Works of fiction cease to interest them; and they turn from novels to books which, having their origin in deep principles of our nature, retain their hold of the human mind for ages. At any rate, we see in the present diffusion of literature the tendency to universality of which I have spoken.

The same tendency will appear if we con-

sider the kind of literature which is obtaining the widest favour. The works of genius of our age breathe a spirit of universal sympathy. The great poet of our times, Wordsworth, one of the few who are to live, has gone to common life, to the feelings of our universal nature, to the obscure and neglected portions of society, for beautiful and touching themes. Nor ought it to be said that he has shed over these the charms of his genius, as if in themselves they had nothing grand or lovely. Genius is not a creator, in the sense of fancying or feigning what does not exist; its distinction is to discern more of truth than common minds; it sees, under disguises and humble forms, everlasting beauty. This is the prerogative of Wordsworth to discern and reveal in the ordinary walks of life, in the common human heart; he has revealed the loveliness of the primitive feelings, of the universal affections of the human soul. The grand truth which pervades his poetry is, that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant, to scenery and modes of life open only to the few; but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky, that it gleams from the loneliest flower, that it lights up the humblest sphere, that the sweetest affections lodge in lowly hearts, that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness, in lives which few eyes rest on, that, even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness, and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity; he teaches reverence for our universal nature; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts.

The same is true, in an inferior degree, of Scott, whose tastes, however, were more aristocratic. Scott had a childish love of rank, titles, show, pageants, and in general looked with keener eye on the outward life than into the soul; still he had a human heart, and sympathized with his race. With few exceptions, he was just to all his human brethren. A reconciling spirit breathes through his writings. He seizes on the interesting and beautiful features in all conditions of life; gives us bursts of tender and noble feelings even from ruder natures; and continually knits some new tie between the reader and the vast varieties of human nature which start up under his teeming pen. He delighted, indeed, in Highland chiefs, in border thieves and murderers, in fierce men and fierce encounters; but he had an eye to catch the stream of sweet affections, as it wound its way through humble life. What light has Jeanie Deans shed on the path of the obscure! He was, too, wanting in the religious sentiment to comprehend the solemn bearing, the stern

grandeur, of the puritans. But we must not charge with narrowness a writer who embodied in a Jewish maiden his highest conceptions of female nobleness.

Another writer, illustrating the liberalizing, all-harmonizing tendency of our times, is Dickens, whose genius has sought and found subjects of thrilling interest in the passions, sufferings, virtues, of the mass of the people. He shews that life, in its rudest forms, may wear a tragic grandeur; that amidst follies and sensual excesses, provoking laughter or scorn, the moral feelings do not wholly die; and that the haunts of the blackest crimes are sometimes lighted up by the presence and influence of the noblest souls. He has indeed greatly erred in turning so often the degradation of humanity into matter of sport; but the tendency of his dark pictures is to awaken sympathy with our race, to change the unfeeling indifference which has prevailed towards the depressed multitude into sorrowful and indignant sensibility to their wrongs and woes.

The remarks now made on literature might be extended to the fine arts. In these we see, too, the tendency to universality. It is said, that the spirit of the great artists has died out; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few, but meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works, designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education, and in some countries is taught in schools to which all classes are admitted.

I am reminded, by this remark, of the most striking feature of our times, and shewing its tendency to universality, and that is, the unparalleled and constantly accelerated diffusion of education. This greatest of arts, as yet little understood, is making sure progress, because its principles are more and more sought in the common nature of man; and the great truth is spreading, that every man has a right to its aid; accordingly, education is becoming the work of nations. Even in the despotic governments of Europe, schools are open for every child without distinction; and not only the elements of reading and writing, but music and drawing, are taught, and a foundation is laid for future progress in history, geography, and physical science. The greatest minds are at work on popular education;

the revenues of states are applied most liberally, not to the universities for the few, but to the common schools. Undoubtedly, much remains to be done; especially a new rank in society is to be given to the teacher; but even in this respect a revolution has commenced, and we are beginning to look on the guides of the young as the chief benefactors of mankind.

Thus we see, in the intellectual movements of our times, the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than an animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest, till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

CHANNING.

#### ALLOWAY CHURCHYARD.

Is there in life one eye that never wept?  
One cheek unbaptiz'd by the holy tear  
That from the soul's own fountain should have  
crept

On fallen friend's, or lost relation's bier?  
Heaves there one heart so dead to all that's dear—  
So lost to duty, feeling, nature's shame,

As would not steal from life to wander *here*,  
And, sighing, breathe some dear departed name?  
Ah! that's what Heaven demands, and sky-throned  
dear ones claim!

Yes! ye lone stones, that register the dead—  
Thus strewn as life-wreck o'er a sea of woe—  
How touching your dumb records! Ye are spread  
By hands that cherish those who rot below.

Don't the cropp'd nettle with the well-trimm'd row  
Of sad young daisies—don't the moisten'd urn,  
Wet with relation's tear-drops—sadly shew  
That, could their spirits back to earth return,  
They'd visit grateful hearts that still their memories  
mourn?

And where's the heart so sour'd with human woe  
That would, when dying, wish to be forgot?  
Ah! none! 'tis even in death a joy to know  
That those we're torn from will forget us not;  
But that our grave will noon or night be sought  
By those we cherish'd living,—that they'll cling  
With fondness to the turf wherein we rot,—  
That from our bosom, ashes, flowers will spring,  
Sown by affections there—with tears their moist-  
ening.



Even thou, grey Allowa! chief mourner—thou  
Widow of all these graves, whose ruins suit  
The desolation round them, roofless now,  
Thy altar prostrate, and thy organ mute!  
Weeds warp thy desert threshold; nettles root  
Where knelt the devotee; lone, silent, all  
(Save, when thy belfry, like a broken lute,  
Moans to the night wind) in thy misty pall;  
Ghost of the graves around—*thou seem'st to mourn*  
*their fall.*

Whose grave is *this*? Some mother's early pride;  
How young in years, but ripe enough to die;  
'Twould never know it lived. It merely sigh'd  
Life in—then out; so laid its young limbs by  
In the lone grave: cold cradle! there they lie  
Unused. No mother's hand can reach it now,  
To comb its budding locks—to read its eye,  
Or wipe the death-damp from its little brow;  
Child of an hour, sleep on! how innocent wast  
thou!

The hoary sinner rots at thy young feet,  
Helpless as thou, frail innocent; these beds  
Of coffins piled around thee yawn, replete  
With man's corruption; *here* his haughty head  
Sleeps with the worm, nor dares prevent them shed  
Their slime on his proud features; but the sod,  
Blushing for naked nature, kindly spreads  
Her green veil o'er the havoc; thus the clod  
Swarms 'neath the daisied turf, to work thy will,  
O God!

How proud the tombstones of the *wealthy* stand  
Above their humbler fellow-graves! *If they*  
Thought their forms moulded by some mightier  
hand,

Why don't their corpses rot to finer clay?  
O! cannot death man's arrogance allay?  
Must pride, which wrought the mightier angel's  
fall,

Rebel up man, that atom of a day,  
Ev'n from his grave, to aim at "lord of all"?  
Whilst through his haughty heart worms nestle—  
beetles crawl.

Few, few read lessons from this book of graves;  
Death's is a chilling chapter; yet if here  
Would man but wander when ambition graves,  
Or revenge urges, man might learn to tear  
Life's baubles from his heart, and hold more dear  
His humble fellow-worm; *here*, side by side,  
See the loath'd pauper rotting through the peer..  
The worms shew no distinction, and the wide  
Jaws of the grave gorge all. How empty human  
pride!

Where is Napoleon now? where *As*, whose name  
Made Europe tremble when 'twas merely told?  
What now his mighty arm, and valiant frame,  
But one crush'd mass of ignominious mould?  
Shew who the mighty of this earth controll'd...  
Who fetter'd princes to the bloody plough  
Of thy mad triumphs, till the stars scarce goal'd  
Thy limitless ambition. Could death bow  
A thing like *that*? Great worm, what boots thy  
triumphs *now*?

O man, how frail an animal thou art!  
Ruler forsooth! the worms these clods create  
To glut and banquet on thy haughty heart,  
Had life before thee, and outlive thy date!  
Dew-drop of sorrow left by Heav'n to wait  
Through trial's morning, on the leaves of time,  
Left for some random ray to reinstate  
In heav'n thy Spirit's home, (O! is it crime  
To look into oneself, dissecting soul and slime!)

Why, when the pulse of evening beats around me,  
Seek I the silence of the lone churchyard?  
Why has the eye of night awoke, and found me  
A living tombstone? mourning o'er the sward  
That cover'd none who knew me? If I've dared  
To look into futurity, or mark  
Death's finger on life's dial—'twould be hard  
To chain the mind, or muffle thought, that spark  
Of God that lightens life, as diamonds 'lume the  
dark.

Here sleeps the father of the mighty bard;  
How ill accords yon dome with such a bed!  
Boors wipe their feet on this insulted sward;  
And as ten cities strove for Homer dead,  
Through which that Homer living begg'd his bread,  
In life neglected, now in death divine,  
"Genius," says Gay, "is praised, but lives unfed,"  
So Burns was left in misery to pine...  
Why mock his sufferings *now*, with altar, temple,  
shrine?

There's oft a selfishness in man's best deeds.  
Did they, who rear'd yon temple, not assume  
To their cold selves the glory it accedes?  
To clothe their barren mentalities with the plume  
Of his great mind? well know they *stones* consume  
No pension'd morsels—stones, unfed, remain  
A lighthouse o'er that desert they illumine,  
Shewing far time what genius may attain,  
And pay with glory debts of scorn, neglect, and  
pain!

Many a merry gleam and wintry flake  
Have pass'd o'er these cold bosoms, all unfelt;  
Yours is a sleep too serious to wake.  
What sun may thaw death's freezing? yet ye  
melt  
From earth, as if thereon ye'd never dwelt;  
What are these puny mounds of dust and sod,  
Of all these myriads, that since Abel knelt  
To death? say, has the grave, like Aaron's rod,  
Gorged all, nor left of each the remnant of a clod?

Sleep on, ye silent, lone ones; years will pass,  
And leave your sleep unbroken; happy throng.  
This world's commotions, like the spring's young  
grass,  
Sweep o'er your heads unheeded; ye belong  
Not to that earth your ashes rot among;  
Yet who so desolate in his bed of tears,  
But some eye once has wept for—some will long.  
Spurn'd be that heart, when fashion interferes,  
To chill that holy zest that still the dead endears.

This dust on my shoe-latchet once could think,  
Had action, impulse, senses, feelings,—form'd  
In some life-structure a material link;  
The heart, perhaps. What? was *this* clay once  
warm'd  
By the mind's pulses? till the whole was charm'd  
Into a dwelling for God's breath? Now, slime,  
Ashes, and dross!... Yet, though the worm  
hath swarm'd  
Through the soul's temple, still that soul sublime  
Outlives her prison's wreck, unscathed by death  
or time. H. G. McC.

## DULE UPO' DUN.\*

### A LEGEND OF THE BLACK ART.

ONE evening as little Mike, or more properly, Michael Waddington, a merry tailor, was on his way homewards from the public-house, where he had met a remarkable stranger who caused him some apprehensions, when, turning round, he saw the dark, tall peak of the stranger's hat, looking ten-fold darker, almost preternaturally black, on the white back-ground, as he approached. Mike felt his hair bristling from terror; his knees, usually bent somewhat inwards, now fairly smote together, so that he could not accelerate his pace, and the stranger was quickly at his side.

\* Roby's Traditions of England—Lancashire. 3 vols.—Colburn.

"Thou art travelling homewards, I trow," said he of the black peak. Mike made some barely intelligible reply. "I know it," returned the other; "but why art thou leaving so soon?"

"My money's done—an' credit too, for that matter," tardily replied the tailor.

"And whose fault's that?" returned his companion. "Thou mayest have riches, and everything else, if thou wilt be advised by me."

Mike stared, as well he might, at the dark figure by his side. The idea of wealth without labour was perfectly new to him, and he ventured to ask how this very desirable object might be accomplished.

"Listen! Thou art a poor, miserable wretch, and canst hardly earn a livelihood with all thy toil. Is't not a pleasant thing, and a desirable, however procured, to obtain wealth at will, and every happiness and delight that man can enjoy?"

Michael's thirsty lips watered at the prospect, notwithstanding his dread of the black gentleman at his elbow.

"I was once poor and wretched as thou. But I grew wiser, and—unlimited wealth is now at my command."

There was an awful pause; the stranger apparently wishful to know the effect of this mysterious communication. The liquorish tailor listened greedily, expecting to hear of the means whereby his condition would be so wonderfully amended.

"Hast thou never heard of those who have been helped by the powers of darkness to—?"

"Save us, merci—"

"Hold!" said the peremptory stranger, seizing Mike rudely by the wrist. "Another such outcry, and I will leave thee to thy seams and patches—to starve, or linger on, as best thou mayst."

Michael promised obedience, and his companion continued—

"There is no such great harm or wickedness in it as people suppose. Quite an ordinary sort of proceeding, I assure thee; and such a one as thou mayst accomplish in a few minutes, with little trouble or inconvenience."

"Tell me the wondrous secret," said Michael, eagerly, who, in the glowing prospect thus opened out to him, felt all fear of his companion giving way.

"Well, then—thou must say two Aves, the Creed, and thy Paternoster, backwards, thrice, and call upon the invisible demon to appear, when he will tell thee what thou shalt do."

"Quite an ordinary business," said he; and Mike went to work with his lesson, which he had been conning as he went. Scarcely was the last word of this impious incantation uttered, when a roaring clap of

thunder burst above him, and the arch-enemy of mankind stood before the panic-stricken tailor.

"Why hast thou summoned me hither?" said the infernal monarch, in a voice like the rushing wind, or the roar of the coming tempest. But Michael could not speak before the fiend.

"Answer me—and truly!" said the demon. This miserable fraction of a man now fell on his knees, and in a most piteous accent exclaimed—

"Oh! oh! mercy! I did not—I—want—nothing!"

"Base, audacious slave! thou art telling me an untruth, and thou knowest it. Shew me thy business instantly, or I will carry thee off to my dominions without further ado."

At this threat the miserable mortal prostrated himself, a tardy confession being wrung from him.

"Oh, pardon! Thou knowest my poverty and my distress. I want riches, and—and—"

"Good!" said the demon, with a horrible smile. "'Tis what ye are ever hankering after. Every child of Adam doth cry with insatiate thirst, 'Give—give!' But hark thee! 'tis thine own fault if thou art not rich, and that speedily. I will grant thee *three* wishes: use them as thou wilt."

Now the rogue was glad when he heard this gracious speech, and in the fulness of his joy exclaimed—

"Bodikins! but I know what my first wish will be; and I've not want other two."

"How knowest thou that?" said the demon, with a look of contumely and scorn so wild and withering, that Michael started back in great terror.

"Before this favour is granted, though," continued the fiend, "there is a small matter by way of preliminary to be settled."

"What is that?" inquired the trembling novice, with increasing disquietude and alarm.

"A contract must be signed, and delivered too."

"A contract! Dear me!—and for what?"

"For form's sake merely; no more, I do assure thee;—a slight acknowledgment for the vast benefits I am bound to confer,—to wit, that at the end of seven years thou wilt bear me company."

"Me!" cried the terrified wretch. "Nay, then, keep thy gifts to thyself; I'll none of them on this condition."

"Wretched fool!" roared the infuriate fiend; at the sound of which the culprit fairly tumbled backward. "Sign this contract, or thou shalt accompany me instantly! ay, this very minute; for know, that every one who calls on me is delivered into my

power; and think thyself well dealt with when I offer thee an alternative. Thou hast the chance of wealth, honour, and prosperity, if thou sign this bond. If thou do not, I will have thee whether or no, that's all. What sayest thou?" and the apostate angel spread forth his dark wings, and seemed as though ready to pounce upon his unresisting victim.

In a twinkling, Michael decided that it would be much better to sign the bond, and have the possession of riches, with seven years to enjoy them, than be dragged off to the burning pit immediately, without any previous enjoyment whatsoever. Besides, in that seven years, who knew what might turn up in his favour?

"I consent," said he; and the arch-enemy produced his bond. A drop of blood, squeezed from the hand of his victim, was the medium of this fearful transfer; and instantly on its execution another clap of thunder announced the departure of Satan, with the price of another soul in his grasp.

Michael was now alone. He could hardly persuade himself that he had not been dreaming. He looked at his finger, where a slight wound was visible, from which a drop of blood still hung,—a terrible confirmation of his fears.

Returning home, sad and solitary, he attempted to mount to his usual place, but even this exertion was more than he could accomplish;—one black and burning thought tormented him, and he sat down by his own cheerless hearth, more cheerless than he had ever felt before. Matty was preparing dinner;—but it was a meagre and homely fare—a little oaten bread, and one spare collop, which had been given her by a neighbour. Scanty as was the meal, it was better than the humble viands which sometimes supplied their board. Matty knew not the real cause of her husband's dumps; but supposed it to be the usual workings of remorse, if not repentance, to which Mike was subject whenever his pocket was empty, and the burning spark in his throat unquenched. She invited him to partake, but he could not eat. He sat with eyes half shut, fixed on the perishing embers, and replied not to the remonstrances of his dame.

"Why, Mike, I say," cried the kind-hearted woman, "what ails thee? Cheer up, man, and finish thy collop. Thou mayest fret about it, but thou cannot undo a bad stitch by wishing. If it will make thee better for time to come though, I'll not grumble. Come, come, good man, if one collop winna' content thee, I wish we'd two, that's all."

Scarce was the last word from her lips, when lo! a savoury and smoking rasher

was laid on the table by some invisible hand. Michael was roused from his lethargy by this unlucky wish. Darting a terrified look on the morsel, he cried out—

"Woman, woman! what hast thou done? I wish thou wert far enough for thy pains."

Immediately she disappeared—whisked off by the same invisible hands, but whither he could not tell.

"Oh me—oh me!" cried the afflicted tailor at this double mishap; "what shall I do now? I shall assuredly starve; and yet I've one wish left. Humph, I'd better be wary in making it, though. Best take time to consider, lest I throw this needlessly after the rest."

Mike could not make up his mind as to what he would have, nor indeed could he bend down his thoughts steadfastly to any subject. He was in a continual flutter. His brain was in a whirl. He looked round for some relief. The house was in sad disorder, and he thought on his absent wife.

"Dear me," thought he, as he fetched a scrap of wood to the fire, "I wish Matty were here;" and his wife was immediately at his side.

Mike, now grown desperate, revealed to her the fearful cause of these disasters, and the utter failure of any beneficial results from the three wishes.

"We be just as we were," said he, "save that I've sold myself, body and soul, to the Evil One!"

Here he began to weep and lament very sore; and his wife was so much overcome at the recital that she became nigh speechless.

At length her tears began to lose their bitterness.

"It's no use greetin' at this gait," said she; "hie thee to the parson, Michael, an' see if he canna quit thee o' this bond."

"Verily," said the poor tailor, with a piteous sigh, "that would be leapin' out o' t' gutter into t' ditch. I should be burnt for a he witch, an' a limb o' the de'il. I've yet seven years' respite from torment, an' that would be to throw even these precious morsels away. E'en let's tarry as we are, an' make the best on't. This comes of idleness and drink; but if ever I put foot across Giles's door-stone again, I wish—nay, it's no use wishing now, I've had enough o' sich thriftless work for a bit. But I'll be sober, an' mind my work, and spend nothing idly, and who knows but some plan or another may be hit on to escape?"

One night, as they were sitting awhile after supper, he fetched a heavy sigh.

"It is but a short time I have to live," said he.

"Nay," said the dame; "let's hope that Heaven will not let thee fall a prey to



His enemy and ours. Besides, thou hast got nothing from him for thy bargain. It cannot be expected, therefore, that the old deceiver can claim any recompence."

Mike shook his head and looked incredulous.

"Sure as there's wind i' Meg's entry he'll come for his own. I've been considering that I'd best go to the old man that lives in the cave by Salley. He'll, maybe, give me some advice how to act when the time comes."

This suggestion met with his wife's approval; and the next morning our disconsolate hero was on his way to the "hermit" of the cave.

"Thou didst not sell thyself for nought?" said the hermit, fixing his eye sternly on the trembling penitent. "And now, when thou hast wasted the price of thy condemnation, thou comest for help: and wouldst even play at cheater with the devil!"

"Nay, most reverend father," said Michael, wiping his eyes; "never a gift have I had from the foul fiend, save a bacon collop, and that was cast out untouched." And with that he told of the manner in which he was inveigled, and the scurvy trick which the deceiver had played him.

"Verily, there is hope," said the holy man, after musing awhile; "yet is it a perilous case, and only to be overcome by prayer and fasting. If thou seek help sincerely, I doubt not that a way will be made for thine escape. Listen; it is never permitted that the enemy of our race should reap the full benefit of the advantage which otherwise his superior duplicity and intelligence would enable him to obtain. There was never yet bond or bargain made by him, but, in one way or another, it might be set aside, and the foul fiend discomfited. It may be difficult, I own; and advice is not easily rendered in this matter: but trust in the power of the All-powerful, and thou shalt not be overcome. Wisdom, I doubt not, shall be vouchsafed in thine extremity, if thou apply anxiously and earnestly for it, seeking deliverance, and repenting of the great wickedness which thou hast committed."

With these and many other gracious words did the benevolent enthusiast encourage this doomed mortal; and, though heavy and disconsolate enough, he returned more light-hearted than he came.

The time now drew near. The very week—the day—the hour was come; and when the sun had climbed to the meridian, Michael knew that he would have to face the cunning foe who had beguiled him. His wife would have tarried, but he peremptorily forbade; he would not be disturbed in his intercessions. All that morn-

ing, without intermission, he supplicated for wisdom and strength in the ensuing conflict. Having retired to a little chamber at one end of the house, here he secured himself to prevent intrusion.

Noon was scarcely come when, true to his engagement, a loud thunder-clap announced the approach and presence of this terrific being.

"I am glad to find," said he, "that thou art ready."

"I am not ready," replied the trembling victim.

"How!" roared the sable chief, with a voice that shook the whole house like the passage of an earthquake. "Dost thou deny the pledge? Darest thou gainsay this bond?"

"True enough," replied the debtor, "I signed that contract; but it was won from me by fraud and dishonest pretences."

"Base, equivocating slave! how darest thou mock me thus? Thou hadst thy wishes; the conditions have been fulfilled—ay, to the letter."

"I fear me," again said the victim, who felt his courage wonderfully supported, "that thou knewest I should never be a pin the richer or better for thy gifts; and thine aim was but to flatter and to cheat. It is not in thy power, I do verily believe, to grant me riches or any great thing I might wish; so thou didst prompt, and in a manner, force me to those vain wishes unthinkingly, by which I have been beguiled."

"Dost thou doubt, then, my ability in this matter? Know that thy most unbounded wishes would have been accomplished, else I release thee from this bond."

"I say, and will vouch for't, that all thy promises are lying cheats; and that thou couldst not give me a beggarly bodle, if thou wert to lay down thy two horns for it; so I demand my bond according to thy pledge."

"To shew thee that I can keep this bond, even conformably to the terms of my own offer just now, and thy pitiful carcase to boot, I'll e'en grant thee another wish, that shall prove thou art past all hope of redemption. Said I not, that if I could not fulfil any wish of thine, even to the compass of all possible things, and the riches of this great globe itself, I would release thee from this bond?"

"Yea," said Michael, with an eager assent.

"Then wish once more; and mind that it be no beggarly desire. Wish to the very summit of wealth, or the topmost pinnacle of thy ambition, for it shall be given thee."

"Then," said the tailor, hastily, as though fearful the words would not come forth quick enough from his lips, "I wish thou wert riding back again to thy quarters

on yonder dun horse, and never be able to plague me again, or any other poor wretch whom thou hast gotten into thy clutches!"

The demon gave a roar loud enough to be heard to the very antipodes; and away went he, rivetted to the back of this very dun horse, which Michael had seen through the window, grazing quietly in the lane, little suspecting the sort of jockey that was destined to bestride him. The tailor ran to the door to watch his departure, almost beside himself for joy at this happy riddance. Dancing and capering into the kitchen, where his wife was almost dying through terror, he related, as soon as he was able, the marvellous story of his deliverance.

### RESPONSIBILITY AND REWARD OF PUBLIC TEACHERS.

THERE is no station assigned by society to any of its members, more honourable or more enviable than that of an instructor in a public University. His object is one of the highest to which a man can be called,—the production of the greatest possible amount of mind. He, in most instances, devotes himself to this pleasing avocation, from some original taste attracting him to the science which he teaches; so that his duty and his inclination generally coincide. If he bring right feelings to the task, he is never contented with the distinction which at first gained him his place; but studies, by constant cultivation, to keep himself, if not in the van, at least abreast, of the advancing knowledge of the age. Nor does he study merely to acquire. Knowing that his business is to impart, he is assiduous in the act of communicating, as well as of obtaining knowledge,—of teaching, as well as of learning, and, of all the arts of teaching, there is none which he finds so agreeable or effectual, as the one which is often the least practised—that of watching every symptom of youthful excellence, and then, wherever he finds it, alluring it by personal kindness.

I am aware that it has been stated, and by no mean authority, that nothing is more injurious to young men than early notice; that strong talent will always work its way; and that no talent is worth caring for. There is no truth in this opinion, and no plausibility, except what arises from confusing things that have no connexion. Unmerited patronage, bad at all times, is worst when it excites vain hopes, and engenders conceit, and destroys self-dependence in youth. But unfair patronage is not judicious kindness. Strong talent will not only force its own way, but it will sometimes do so the more triumphantly from being neglected or opposed. The

fire burns more intensely from the weight that is laid above it. But there are talents which, though not strong now, might perhaps be made so. There are natures—and these often allied to the finest genius—which are too sensitive, especially in early life, for the roughness of the world. There are honest inquirers, obviously entering into paths from which they might easily be turned, that will perplex them for ever. There are imaginations darkened by clouds of their own creation, over which the purest light might be shed. There are temperaments, not yet irrecoverable, in danger of becoming permanently and wretchedly morbid. The biography of most men of early and ill-regulated genius attests how much its errors and its misery might have been corrected by the guidance of a single person, in whose wisdom and kindness it had confidence. In all these maladies of mind, the influence of a judicious and affectionate instructor is like that produced by the appearance of the healing angel in the lazar house; at whose approach pain flies, every groan is stifled, and the sufferer walks forth to happiness and nature.

A great teacher, therefore, even in the highest regions of the art, will often feel again his own early condition. He will never despair of youth. On the contrary, he will always have a strong sympathy with its difficulties and its prospects. He will remember that "he who watereth, shall be watered himself," and that his own reputation can only live in the lives of illustrious pupils. He will consider every germ of worth as placed under his special protection, particularly if it should be discovered friendless in a garret; remembering the noble sentiment of the most eloquent of moralists, (Dugald Stewart,) who, after writing the lives of three illustrious Scotsmen—two of them the principal ornaments of this University, (Adam Smith, and Dr. Thomas Reid,) closes his narrative by a reflection, which ought to be engraven on the heart of every great teacher—"I shall not look back on the past with regret, if I can indulge the hope that the facts which it has been my province to record, by displaying those fair rewards of extensive usefulness and of permanent fame which talent and industry, when worthily directed, cannot fail to secure, may contribute in one single instance to foster the proud and virtuous independence of genius, or, amidst the gloom of poverty and solitude, to gild the distant prospect of the unfriended scholar, whose laurels are now slowly ripening in the unnoticed privacy of humble life."—*Lord Cockburn in Hay's Collection of Inaugural Addresses by Rectors of Glasgow University.*

## MUSIC.

It is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle discipline; it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Those who love music are honest and gentle in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill I possess in this art.—LUTHER.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or voice, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony.—HOOKER'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

Music indeed! Give me a mother singing to her fat, rosy baby, and making the house ring with her extravagant hyperbolic encomiums on it. That is the music which is the "food for love," and not the formal, pedantic noises, and affectation of skill, which is, now-a-days, the ruin of half the young couples in the middle ranks of life.—COBBETT.

—Ten thousand sit

Patiently present at a sacred song,  
Commemoration mad, content to hear—  
O wonderful effect of Music's power!—  
Messiah's eulogy, for Handel's sake.

COWPER.

## New Books.

*The Pic Nic Papers. Edited by Boz.*  
3 vols. Colburn.

THESE volumes are full of spirited and interesting sketches, by some of the most distinguished writers of the present day. Many of the pieces are brimful of that broad, farcical humour, oddity of conception, and off-hand drollery, so characteristic of the Editor. Every page of the second volume is rich in caricature, sly, incidental satire, and humorous pictures of American life and manners. "Peter Pilgarlick Pig-wiggen" is an example of the influence of undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are, like money in a strong box, returning no interest; a species of Byron in an egg, but, unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within; but no one sees it—no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and mysterious imaginings of poetry circling about the interiors of his cranium, but there they stay. "How is it," said he—"how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the

vulgar, or level up the vulgar to the comprehension of my expressions? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does; and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I am chock full of genius, and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they luderate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuce I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a frenzy, and my soul swells and swells till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey; when it expansuates, and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebinians, and worse than Russian scurfs!" "Billy Jones" concludes, that "before long folks wont be of no use at all; all the business of life will be done by steam." "Gamaliel Gambriil" belongs to four people beside himself—"the old woman and them three children; I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must break, and sign over the stock in trade." "Linkum Langcale" is a chap without no end to him; "he'd be pretty long a-drowning, anyhow," says a passer-by, seeing him in the kennel. "If there were any more like him in the gutters, it would be better to get a windlass and wind them up. The corporation ought to buy him, starch him up stiff, cut a hole in his hat for a clock, and use him for a steeple."

"The Student of Bagdad" is an exquisite tale, possessing all the felicity of expression, and beauty of thought, so peculiar to its author, Thomas Moore. We shall give it at length, satisfied that a perusal of it will direct our readers to the volumes themselves, which contain much that is farcical, hearty in fun, spirited in romance, and a great variety of exceedingly beautiful and highly interesting tales.

"THE STUDENT OF BAGDAD.—"What news from the Khalif's army?" asked the young student. His question was addressed to a grave and venerable politician, whom he found seated by his side, enjoying the cool of the evening, under a portico of the great College Al Mostanseriah at Bagdad. "Gloomy enough," answered the stranger; "our troops are flying in all directions from the conqueror, Ho-

lagu.'—'And what, then, mean those shouts and sounds of rejoicing through the city?'—'They are for our last defeat, which the Khalif's minister (whom Allah bless!) declares, as he values his honour and his place, was no defeat at all, but a victory. He has accordingly ordered the inhabitants of Bagdad to rejoice, which they are now doing with the worst grace imaginable.' 'How wise are the descendants of Abbas!' thought the youth to himself. 'But,' he resumed, 'the Tartar will soon be at your gates—does not the Khalif mean to arm the inhabitants?' 'Allah forbid!' exclaimed the old gentleman, who belonged to the established sect of the Sonnites,—'what! trust a hair of our orthodox heads to fellows who disbelieve the Chapter of the Blanket! You are a stranger, young man, or you would have known us better!' The student, on this, wished the pious Sonnite a good evening, and retired to his lodgings.

"The name of this youth was Niall. He had left Europe under the banners of the Saint-King, Louis, and had done honour to the Red Branch he bore on his shield, at the battles of Al Mansurah and the Ashmun, in the latter of which the monarch himself was taken prisoner. When St. Louis, however, (having purchased back his sacred person from the Mussulmans, at a price which few kings have been worth to their subjects,) concluded a peace with Azzoddin Aybec, and returned to France, young Niall, who had rather more taste for learning than was common among his brother crusaders in general, resolved to visit the schools of the East, and to exchange the pious task of murdering heathens for the somewhat more useful one of studying and improving by them.

"Put up those books," said the student to his Arab servant, "and meet me early in the morning at Masud's villa." This villa was a small rural retreat on the banks of the Tigris, which belonged to Masud, his venerable preceptor; and to which the youth often fled, for coolness, during the sultry nights of that climate. The sun had just set, and the modest Arabian jasmines, which had kept the secret of their fragrance to themselves all day, were now beginning to let the sweet mystery out, and make every passing breeze their confidant.\* To some minds the hour of sunset brings a feeling of sadness, and a Laplander might well be allowed a little pensiveness on such

\* Thus versified afterwards in 'Lalla Rookh':—

"From plants that wake, when others sleep;  
From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
Their fragrance to themselves all day,  
But, when the sun-light dies away,  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about."

an occasion. But to judge by the gaiety with which he now rowed his boat down the Tigris, this was by no means one of Niall's weaknesses. Not that there was anything beyond pleasant remembrances, to give his spirits such buoyancy at this moment; but his had ever been that rare and happy kind of imagination which retains the impressions of past pleasure, as the Bologna stone treasures up sunbeams.

"He was now arrived in sight of the little villa of Masud; and the mild moonlight that fell upon every object becalmed the whole scene into such bright and beautiful repose as gave a tone of softness even to the wild spirits of Niall. Not far beyond this villa was the palace of the Emir Al Omera, the most favourite counsellor of the Khalif, and chosen, like most other favourite counsellors, for his great zeal and courage in recommending measures which he saw his master had fully determined on, in his own august mind, already. But the chief point on which this emir prided himself was the superior excellence of his seraglio and his library, and it was acknowledged, indeed, that in all Bagdad there was no such tasteful collector of beauties and books.

"But whither is the youth directing his course? He has already passed the humble villa of Masud, and is now gliding under the shadows of the Egyptian willows which hang from the lofty terrace of Al Omera's seraglio. Is it the wild beauty of the evening that tempts him so far? or is he indulging in contemplation of the fair planet, Venus, which is just now shining with that half-retired disk which, astronomers inform us, is the loveliest of all her phases?

"Before these questions can be answered with any certainty, we must return to some important events, left, not undesignedly, behind us.

"In going up a hill, says the poet Dante, the hinder foot should always be the firmer; and certainly, in the up-hill work of narrative, the hind foot of the story cannot be too firmly planted.

"One morning during the Nevrouz, or Festival of the Spring, having risen with the sun, and walked into the gay, shining lawn that sloped from his study to the river, Niall observed, along the grass which was still wet with the night-dew, the prints of a foot so small and exquisitely formed, that he could have sworn it must belong to some spiritual being, did he not know how rarely immortals leave traces of themselves behind. Surprised at this phenomenon, he followed the direction of the footsteps, and could track them up close to the lattice of a small pavilion where he frequently studied at night. From thence they returned, and continuing for some time by the side of the river, were wholly lost at the entrance of a deep and dark wood which divided the

grounds of Masud's villa from the walled gardens of the seraglio.

"It was little more than mid-day when, for the second time, the fair Haluta directed her course, with a beating heart, towards Masud's lawn. The heat was excessive; every eye that could afford it was shut up in sleep, nor was there at that moment a single man of fashion awake in all Bagdad. The only sounds that broke on the stillness, as she passed with languid step across the lawn, was a faint laugh, now and then, from a distant group of peasant girls who were taking advantage of that hour of repose to bathe, under the shade of the tamarind-trees, in the clear waters of the Tigris.

"She looked anxiously towards the pavilion—it was now silent and empty; but a sort of instinct whispered to her to try the dark alley of limes on the right. This path opened upon a small lake which now lay basking in the full splendours of noon, while the verdure around it slept coolly under the shadows of the encircling trees. The source of this lake was a marble fountain, almost hidden among the limes, from which the water stole with a clear but loitering current, as if half afraid to encounter the sunshine that wanted so boldly over the lake. The deep basin, in which the stream thus lingered on its way, looked clear and motionless as a mirror; and by its side lay young Niall, in a light, dreamy sleep, his cheek resting against the marble, whose pale, inanimate hue was contrasted strikingly with the fresh glow of his manly features. Haluta's heart beat high, as well with apprehension as with hope, while she wrote on a tablet the following verses, and tremblingly hung them from a branch of the tree which formed the canopy of his resting-place.—

'He that was content to look  
At the moonlight in the brook,  
To reward his humble view,  
Saw both brook and moonlight too;  
While the proud, aspiring elf,  
Who would view the moon himself,  
Fell into the brook before him,  
Ere he saw the moonlight o'er him.  
Dost thou love a smile of joy?  
Seek it in the fountain, boy;  
Look not up, or thou shalt miss  
Present smile and future bliss.'

"The rustling sound caused by Haluta, in placing these verses, had somewhat loosened the bonds of sleep; and scarcely had she time to fly and hide herself among the lime-trees, when the young student awoke. His first movement, on seeing the tablets, was to look anxiously round for the writer of them. But she was too well shaded within the foliage for even her bright eyes to betray her; and no sooner did she perceive that he had read the verses,

and that obeying, almost unconsciously, their mandate, he bent his head down over the water, than, with a palpitating heart, she stole from her concealment; and, stepping on a rustic bench immediately behind him, looked down over the liquid mirror, with a smile whose reflection, like Greek fire, burned unquenchably through the very waters. The young student started with astonishment; and was just on the point of forgetting the warning of the verses, when Haluta, gently laying her hand upon his head, said, with a voice sweet as the song of promise,

'Look not up, or thou shalt miss  
Present smile and future bliss;'

and then, flying through the lime-tree walk, like an antelope, scarce touched the grass of the lawn, and was once more in the gardens of the seraglio.

"Oh, Plato!" exclaimed the student, as he returned thoughtfully to his lone pavilion, 'if, as thou sayest, whatever of good or lovely we see in this world be but the shadow, the softened reflection of something glorious above us, let that smile which I have just seen be the exemplar of all my thoughts; and, as I gaze upon the passing stream of life, be it my lot to have always such bright eyes thus peeping over my shoulder!'

### The Gatherer.

*Lord Brougham v. the Attorney-General.*—

On the occasion of a most interesting appeal from Scotland in the House of Lords, the ex-chancellor dissented entirely from the law and practice as laid down by the attorney-general. "Your lordship cannot recollect," said the attorney—"your lordship must forget." "Strange alterations, then," said Brougham, "since I knew anything of Scotch law." "Your lordship must forget," reiterated the attorney-general. "I have no doubt, Mr. Attorney," said his lordship, at length wrought into a rage—"I have no doubt but that I have forgot more than twice as much as you ever knew."

Commerce tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties, the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every state an order of citizens bound by their interests to be the guardians of public tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit acquires vigour, and begins to gain an ascendant in any society, we discover a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negotiations.—*Robertson.*



*The Equivoque.*—An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll. "Sir," said he "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, Sir?"—"Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; I said that you were **LITTLE ELSE!**"—*Law and Lawyers.*

Such were the reckless feelings of the time (towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI.), that a certain Marquis de Tenteniac, of Brittany, actually challenged the pit of a theatre. Being behind the scenes, he had appeared so forward in one of the wings, that the public rebuked him; when he immediately stepped forward to the footlights, and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission a piece will be performed to-morrow, called 'The Insolence of the Pit Chastised, in as many acts as may be desired, by the Marquis de Tenteniac!'" This impudent address was received with loud applause, and no one individual thought proper to resent a general insult.—*Millingen's History of Duelling.*

In the highest part of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, is a stone usually pointed out to the visiter, which is said to have the power of imparting to the person who kisses it, the unenviable privilege of hazarding without a blush that species of romantic assertion which many term falsehood. Hence the phrase of Blarney, applied to such violations of accuracy in narration.—*Brewer's Beauties of Ireland.*

During the erection of one of the first batteries which Napoleon, on his arrival at Toulon, directed against the English, he asked whether there was a serjeant or corporal present who could write. A man advanced from the ranks, and wrote to his dictation on the epaulement. The note was scarcely ended, when a cannon-ball, which had been fired in the direction of the battery, fell near the spot, and the paper was immediately covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. "Well," said the writer, "I shall have no need of sand." This remark, together with the coolness with which it was made, fixed the attention of Napoleon, and made the fortune of the serjeant. This man was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes.—*Las Cases' Memoirs of Napoleon.*

*The Floating Island* in Derwent Lake, Keswick, was on Monday week discovered above the placid surface of that far-famed sheet of water. The last appearance of this phenomenon was in the months of July and August 1839.

An engineer of Dundee has succeeded in constructing an air engine that promises to be of great value. The manner in which it is constructed is at present a secret, as the invention is not yet secured by patent; but the engine itself, not merely a working model, has been constructed, and is employed in his workshops in performing the duty which previously required a steam-engine of thirty horses' power. This effect, we are informed, is produced by the consumption of only one sack of coals per day.

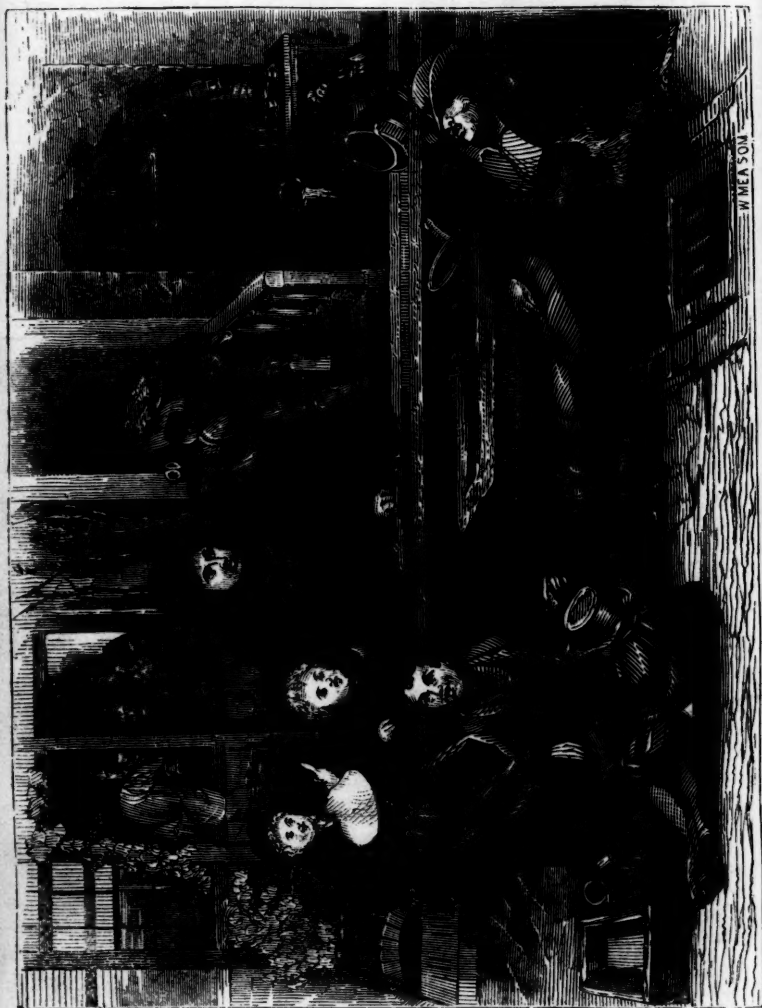
*Motion.*—The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times an hour. This is 411,840 a-day, 150,424,560 a-year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run, with care, 100 years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal; but I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm—yet it will beat more than 5000 times an hour, 120,000 times a-day, and 43,830,000 times a-year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,600,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other; but it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body, you can feel it beat; it is—your heart.

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it; skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

*The great iron steamer Bristol* will probably combine a greater number and variety of untried principles than were ever yet united in one enterprise of the same magnitude. The vessel herself, her enormity, her material, (plate-iron,) her engines, nearly 1200 horse power, her cylinders, 120 inches in diameter, no piston-rods, no beams, the connecting rod laying hold immediately on the piston, and a movable hollow casting playing through a box in the top of the piston, no paddle-wheels, no paddle-boxes, but an unseen agent revolving under her quarters, instead of any apparent propelling power.

*Significant Inscription.*—In Chatham churchyard is a stone with this upon it. A man had buried two wives; after stating the name and age of the first, was the following:—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." In a few years his second wife died; and following her name and age is—"I called upon the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles."

K



W. MEASON

GROUP FROM "THE 14 YEARS' SERVITUDE."